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WHOLE NO 403.

LILLY DALE.
"Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When friends mute with grief stood around the death-bed
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh, Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flowery vale.
Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose-tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turned pale,
And the death damp was on the pure white brow
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, &c.
"I go," she said, "to the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale."
Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, &c.

THE CRISIS OF MY EXISTENCE.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

I'm not a sentimental man now. I have passed that state of existence long since, as a man whose whiskers have got bushy while the hair on his crown has got thin, and whose eyes are surrounded by little nascent crows' feet, decidedly ought to have done. I confess that I prefer a good dinner to the most enchanting of balls, claret to polkas, and a jolly bacchanalian ditty to the pretty small talk of the most dainty damsel that ever floated thro' a quadrille in ringlets and curl muslin.
"Horrid wretch!" I hear some young lady reader exclaim, as she peruses this confession, and prepares to throw down the book in disgust. Stay, one moment, fair lady, I beseech you, and you shall have a little genuine sentimental reminiscence of my "days of auld lang syne"—and then—then you may throw down the book, if you please, and call me a "horrid wretch" if you can.
What a pretty, little, gauzy, fairy-like creature was Angelica Staggers when first I met her! The very recollection of her at this moment makes a faint vibration of my heart perceptible to me, while then the sound of her name would startle me like a postman's rap at the street door. Bill Staggers (it isn't a pretty name, Staggers—but then, Angelica!) was a school-fellow of mine. Schoolboys don't talk much about their sisters, because they get laughed at if they do; so that I knew little more than the bare fact that Angelica had a sister. In after years, when we left school, and Staggers went into his father's counting-house in the city, and I into my father's office in Gray's Inn, the matter was different.
Staggers introduced me to his family. This consisted of his papa, a pompous old fellow who always wore a dress-coat in the street as well as at home, and whose pendant watch-seals certainly would have drawn him under water, if he had ever had the misfortune to tumble overboard from a Margate steamer; of mamma, who was a lady of vast dimensions, with the usual superfluity of color in her cheeks and cap ribbons on her head; of a sister of Mr. Staggers, senior, who might have been agreeable if she had not given you the idea of being pinched everywhere—pinched in her waist, pinched in her nose, pinched in her mouth and pinched in her views of things in general; and lastly, of the daughter of the house—the divine Angelica herself.
How shall I describe Angelica as I first saw her, one fine summer's day, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, dressed in the most charming of muslin negligee dresses, reclining in a large easy chair, and embroidering on a frame a pair of worsted slippers for her papa? How shall I ever give an accurate picture of her beautiful, light, golden hair, that literally glittered in the rays of the sunshine that made their way through the half-drawn green-venetian blinds of the window by which she sat, in the drawing-room of that delightful villa at Peckham that looked out on to the smoothly shaven lawn with the large washing-basin of a fish-pond in it, containing ever so many shillings' worth of gold and silver fish? I can't do it. I have let all my poetry run to seed, and I feel myself as incompetent to do justice to the charms of Angelica, as a sign painter would be to copy the Madonna of Raphael or a street ballad-singer to sing the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini. I must give up the attempt; but cannot the reader help me out of the difficulty by imagining something very fair, pink and white, very slight, very animated, and very ethereal-looking altogether? Of course he can—then there is Angelica Staggers before his eyes directly.
From the moment I saw her I felt that my doom was fixed, and my heart transfixed. I admired, I loved, I adored her, and the very atmosphere that surrounded her (I don't mean the smell of roast duck that was steaming up from the kitchen) seemed to breathe of paradise.

Accordingly, as a very natural consequence of this feeling of mine, I behaved very sheepishly—blushed and stammered and tore off the buttons of my gloves, stuck my legs into absurd positions from not knowing what the deuce to do with them, stumbled over an ottoman as I took my leave, and to save my own fall, caught at a china card-tray and smashed it—effecting my retreat at length in a state of tremor, sufficient to have brought on a nervous fever.
My friend Staggers quizzed me: "Why, Jones, I never saw you so quiet. I always thought you such a devil of a fellow among the ladies. You've lost your tongue to-day—what is it?"
"What is it? As if I were going to tell him that it was. Supposing I had told him that his sister was an angel, the fellow would have looked at me and grinned and thought I was mad. Men never do believe in the divinity of their sisters—they are almost as incredulous as husbands touching their wives. The last man in the world I would select as the confidant of my love affairs would be the brother of my adored one. I should know that he would annoy me by the most anti-romantic anecdotes of his sister's childhood, and tease her to death by frightful stories of myself. And so I invented excuses about being 'out of sorts,' and that sort of thing, to account for my unwonted taciturnity and embarrassment as this my first interview with Angelica Staggers.
I was soon a very frequent visitor at the Peckham Villa, and I had reason to suppose that I was a welcome one. The old gentleman was very civil; mamma was pressing in her invitations; the 'maiden aunt' affable in the extreme; and Angelica always received me with a smile that I valued at a higher price than California and Australia together could pay.
The Staggers family led a quiet life, with the exception of Bill, who haunted the theatres and cider-cellars, and harmonic meetings, and passed as disreputable an existence as a city clerk well could. I seldom met any one at the Peckham Villa but the family, and occasionally a Signor Fidilini—Angelica's singing and music master, and was sometimes invited to tea in the evening, that he might delight Papa Staggers by playing and singing duets with Angelica. I can't say I liked his doing so myself, and I always considered his double-bass growl spoiled the silver notes of his pupils voice; and then I had a great objection to seeing his jewelled fingers hopping about and jumping over Angelica's on the piano, in some of those music firework pieces they played together. But he was a very quiet, gentlemanly fellow, and remarkably respectful in his manner to Angelica, so that there could be no real cause for jealousy—but the word seemed quite absurd to use in such a case.
My father pronounced me the idliest clerk he ever had. I am sure that he was quite wrong; but he little suspected the cause. While I ought to have been drawing abstracts of title, I was drawing fancy portraits of Angelica; while I should have been engrossing briefs, Angelica's form was engrossing my thoughts; instead of studying declarations at law, I was cogitating a declaration of my attachment. To plead well my own cause with herself and her father was the only sort of pleading I cared for; while the answer I might get to my suit was of ten thousand times more consequence in my eyes than all the answers in all the old Chancery suits in all the lawyers' offices in the world. As for reading, Moore and Byron supplied food to the mind that ought to have been intent on Coke and Blackstone. Apollo! god of poetry, and Venus, deification of love, answer truly! there is a more wretched being, a more completely fish-out-of-water individual than a lawyer's clerk in love?
After long and painful watching, I became convinced, in spite of a lover's fears that Angelica was not insensible to my attachment. The little bouquets I bought for her at Covent Garden Market were received with a look that thrilled through my very soul. (I hope that is a proper expression; but my poetry having grown rusty, as I before mentioned, I am in some doubt about the matter.) There was, or I dreamt it, a gentle pressure of the hand as we met, and we parted, that could not be accidental, and could not be that of mere friendship. There was a half timidity in the tone of her voice as she addressed me, different from the self-possession she displayed in conversation with others. In short, there were a thousand of those little signs, visible though indecipherable, that Angelica Staggers knew that I loved her, and was gratified by the fact.
Now most men would have thrown themselves at her feet and made their vows, in such a case; but I was doubtful whether that was the most safe course to take in order to secure the prize. It struck me that her father was just one of those crusty old gentlemen that look on a young fellow as little better than a pickpocket, who dares to gain a daughter's affections without first asking her papa's permission to do so. On the other hand, I was quite aware that young ladies don't like to be asked of their fathers before they are asked themselves; there is too much of the Mahometan and of the Continental style in such a proceeding to please our free-born island ladies. Still, I might get over that difficulty by explaining how hopeless I believed it to be to secure her father's consent at all, unless I got it first. I was right; and so I resolved to have an interview with Mr. Staggers and explain my sentiments.

Did any of readers ever drive in tandem two horses that had never been broken to harness? Did he ever let off a blunderbuss that has been loaded for ten years? Did he ever walk through long grass notoriously full of venomous snakes? Did he ever ride a broken kneed horse over stony ground? Did he ever take a cold shower-bath at Christmas? Did he ever propose the health of the ladies themselves, and before he had at all "primed" himself? Did he ever walk across a narrow, greasy plank, placed across a chasm some hundreds of feet in depth? If he has done all or any of these feats, I can bear witness to the fact that he has had some experience of nervous work; but if he has never been back-paroled with a grave, pompous old father, of whom he is about to ask his daughter's hand, then, I say his experience of real, genuine 'nervous work' is but infantile after all. Making a declaration to the lady herself is nothing to it, though a little embarrassing too; but then you know that the fair one is in as much trepidation as yourself, and not watching you with a cold, calculating eye, weighing your expressions, and drawing conclusions perhaps prejudicial to your reputation for sense or honesty. I declare I would not go through that ordeal again for the wealth of the antipodes (that's the last new phrase); and between ourselves that is the very reason why I remain to this day a—;—but stay—I am anticipating.
I cannot give an account of my interview with old Staggers, because, even half an hour after it was over, I had but a confused recollection of what took place at it. I only know it haunted my dreams like a nightmare for nights after. I was eternally jumping up in my bed in a cold perspiration, with my hair half thrusting my night-cap off my head, in the midst of 'explaining my intentions.' However, a great point was gained—Mr. Staggers agreed to offer no opposition to the match, provided my father consented also.
"I shall call on him to-day, my young friend," he said; "so dine with us at Peckham at six, and you shall know the result. I don't forbid you going there earlier, if you feel inclined to do so."
This was handsome. I expressed my gratitude as well as I was able, and at once took a Peckham omnibus and hastened to Angelica.
"Missus is out, sir, and so's Miss Staggers; but Miss Angelica's in the drawing-room, sir."
"Very well. I'll go there—you need not show me up."
By saying, I sprang lightly up stairs, and was in the drawing-room in an instant. A sudden shriek—a short, half-stifled one—met my ears as I entered, and I saw Signor Fidilini move his arm very hastily, as if it had been in far closer proximity to the waist of Angelica, who was at the piano, than I should have considered at all necessary in an ordinary music lesson.
"Oh dear, Mr. Jones, how you did startle me," cried Angelica, blushing terribly as she rose to shake hands with me. "I didn't hear you coming at all, I assure you."
I didn't need that assurance, and I believe I said something of the sort.
"Mees Angelica so feared, dat I put out my arm to stop her fall off der stool," said Fidilini; and he looked so perfectly truthful and embarrassing as he spoke, that my dreadful suspicions began to be allayed.
"I feel quite nervous at the present moment," said Angelica. "Indeed, Signor, you must not ask me to take any more music lessons to-day."
Signor Fidilini bowed gracefully his assent, and I cast a delighted look at Angelica; for was she not getting rid of that tiresome music-master for my sake? Fidilini packed up his German sausage roll of music, and, bidding us good-day, bowed himself out of the room.
We were alone! We looked uncomfortably at each other, and I am sure of it in her case as well as my own.
"Angelica!" I exclaimed.
She started, and looked surprised.
"Angelica, I love you—you know it—but you do not know how deeply and how devotedly, etc., etc. I suppose it is quite unnecessary for me to give the remainder of the declaration, because no one can be ignorant of the usual form of the words in these cases. It is as 'stereotyped' as an Admiralty Secretary's letters—but I suppose it means a little more, or what a deal of fibbing lovers must be guilty of when they come to the grand scene of the domestic drama of 'love'!
Angelica hung her head, and blushed, and panted. I felt she was mine, and I seized her hand and began to cover it with kisses, when she snatched it from me in such haste that her diamond and pearl ring scratched my finger. I was amazed.
"Mr. Jones, I can listen no more. I assure you I must listen no more."
"Why so? Your father will not oppose my wishes, for—"
"It is not that, sir; it is that, I cannot reciprocate the attachment you profess for me."
"Oh! do not say so—no not—"
"If you have any generosity in your heart, Mr. Jones, will cease this strain at once. You have mistaken my feeling altogether."
"Is that cursed Fidilini!" I cried in a rage, forgetting my good breeding.

"I beg, sir, that you will not use such language in my presence, especially with reference to a gentleman for whom I entertain a feeling of—"
"Love!" I said, with a stupidly indignant laugh, and an attempt at an air of tragedy. "But I care not. I will shoot him within twenty-four hours, or he shall shoot me; and I started to my feet with a thorough determination to call on Fidilini without an hour's delay.
"For heaven's sake don't speak so," cried Angelica. "There will be murder; I know he'll fight, and you might kill—"
"Thank you; I might kill him—yes; but don't seem to have any fears lest he should kill me. However, he shall have a chance," and I strode towards the door.
"Stay," cried Angelica; and she seized my arm; "stay, you shall have my secret, and then I throw myself on your generosity. He is my husband!"
"Fidilini?—the devil!" I exclaimed.
"We are privately married," said Angelica, "but, for the present, do not let—"
Here we were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. and Miss Staggers, who entered the room to our great discomfiture. Angelica, with an appealing look towards me, hurriedly left the room.
If ever a poor wretch felt himself in an uncomfortable position, I did at that moment, and during the rest of that evening. Mr. Staggers brought home a city tale with him, obviously to avoid a *take-tale* with me after dinner; but he took care to inform me, in a whisper, that his negotiation with my father had failed. I dare say he was very much surprised at the cool indifference with which I received this piece of information, he little knew how worthless were the contents of the papas in the present instance.
Of all the artful little hussies that ever lived, decidedly that girl is the most complete! I thought, as I watched the quiet and composed manner in which Angelica behaved during the dinner and the evening which followed. She played and sang as freely as ever, and even expressed her sorrow that Signor Fidilini was not present, that she might sing one of her papa's favorite duets. If he had been present, I believe I should have strangled the fellow against all resistance.
How I passed that night I won't say, but I did not sleep.
Next morning I was at the office as usual, and really trying to work hard to keep my thoughts from dwelling on Angelica. About ten o'clock my father rushed into the room where I was seated at the desk, in company with Mr. Staggers. "Villain!" cried Staggers to me. "You young scoundrel!" screamed my father.
I was really alarmed, for I thought that both those respectable elderly gentlemen must have gone mad. I stared in open mouthed astonishment.
"Where's my daughter?" bawled Staggers.
"Answer, sir!" shouted my father, as I looked, if possible, still much more surprised.
"I don't know," I replied.
"You lie, sir," cried Staggers.
"You are quibbling, sir," added my father; "we don't ask where she is at this very moment; you know what we mean."
"Is she married?" said Staggers; "answer that!"
"Really, I—"
"Answer plainly, sir, and without shuffling," cried my father.
"I believe she is," I answered.
"Believe! why, you young villain, when you know whether you have married her or not, how dare you talk about what you believe?"
"I marry her! I'm not married to her!" I cried, in surprise.
"What the deuce does all this mean?" exclaimed my father, losing all patience. "Miss Staggers has run off from her father's house—with you, it is suspected."
"Indeed!" I exclaimed, interrupting him; "then I suppose I may tell the truth; no doubt she is gone with her husband, Fidilini."
Never shall I forget old Staggers' rage and surprise when he heard my simple story; nor his savage indignation when my father (thinking only of his own son being out of a mess) exclaimed:
"I'm deuced glad of it."
I am going to the christening of Madam Fidilini's seventh child to-morrow. They like an old bachelor for a godfather sometimes, because he has no other children than godchildren to provide for. Grandpapa Staggers will be there, and so will grandmamma and grand-aunt; and the latter will be very attentive to me; but she is more pinched than ever, and looks like a dried herring in figure and complexion. I shall dine with old Staggers afterwards, and he has some superb claret, much better stuff than—well, never mind, I have done it!
THE TIMES.—MR. BARNEY.—The Times of yesterday afternoon, says it "hopes Mr. Barney will be elected," and says further, that it will write or publish nothing to damage his prospects, unless as an act of self-defense against Mr. Barney or the Enquirer. Very well! Let it be so.—The Enquirer only made a protest against what seemed, at least, to be an act of discourtesy on the part of the Times toward the Democratic nominee. If, however, as that paper says, it is not opposed to his election, we are pleased to be corrected.—*Cin. Eng.*

A man Restored to Life after a Burial of Ten Months
The subjoined extract is translated from the Paris Journal of Magnetism, which quotes as its authority a very remarkable book, published by Mr. Osborne, an English officer, on his return from the Court Rajmesting, in India. We must also add, that Gen. Ventura, who was one of the witnesses in this extraordinary, testified to the correctness of the statement when he subsequently visited Paris. Mr. Osborne says:
"On the 6th June, 1838, the monotomy of our life in camp was agreeably interrupted by the arrival of an individual who had acquired great celebrity in the Punjab. The natives regarded him with great veneration, on account of the facility he possessed in remaining under ground as long as he pleased, and then reviving again. Such extraordinary facts were related to the country concerning this man, and so many respectable persons testified to their authenticity, that we were extremely desirous of seeing him; for instance: Capt. Wade, of Lodhiana, informed me that he had himself been present at the resurrection of this Fakir in the presence of Gen. Ventura, the Rajah, and several men of distinction among the natives, and that after his interment had lasted several months."
The following are the details which were given him of the interment, and those that he added to his own authority of the examination:
"At the end of some preparations which had lasted several days, and which would be too tedious to enumerate, the Fakir declared himself ready for the experiment; the witnesses met around a tomb of mason work, constructed expressly to receive him. Before their eyes the Fakir closed with wax the apertures of his body through which air might be admitted; then he stripped off all his clothing. He was then enclosed in a linen bag, and by his direction his tongue was turned back, so as to enclose the entrance of his throat. Immediately after this operation the Fakir fell into a lethargic state. The bag which contained him was then closed and sealed by the Rajah. This sack was then placed in a wooden box, which was locked with a padlock, and sealed. The box was lowered into the tomb, over which was thrown a great quantity of earth, which was trampled down and then sown with barley field, and sentinels were set to watch it day and night. Notwithstanding all these precautions, Rajah was still suspicious; he came twice during ten months that the Fakir remained buried, and caused the tomb to be examined; he found the Fakir precisely as he had left him and perfectly cold and inanimate.
The ten months having expired, they proceeded to the final examination. Gen. Ventura and Captain Wade saw the padlock opened, the seals broken, and the chest raised from the tomb. The Fakir was removed; there was no indication of the heart or pulse. In the top of his head there remained some slight sensation of heat. After first placing the tongue in a natural position, and then pouring warm water over his body, he began to evince some signs of life. After two hours he was quite restored and walked about. This wonderful man is about thirty years of age, his figure is unpleasant and his countenance has a cunning expression.
"He says that he had delicious dreams during his interment, and that restoration was very painful to him."
Who Sent Them?
Old mother Bender was pious but poor. In the midst of her extreme want her trust and confidence was in God.
It was late one chilly night in the autumn of the year when two rather wild young men were passing her cottage on their way home. One of them had under his arm some loaves of bread which he had procured at the village store. A faint light glimmered from mother Bender's casement. Said the one who had the loaves to his companion, "Let us have some fun with the old woman."
"Agreed," said the other. They approached the house and peeped into the window, saw the old woman upon her knees, by the hearth, where a few embers were smouldering in the ashes. She was engaged in prayer. They listened and heard her offering an earnest petition for bread. She was utterly destitute of food.
In furtherance of their fun, one of them with the loaves climbed softly up the roof of the cottage, and dropped the loaves down the chimney. As they rolled out on the hearth, they caught the old lady's eye, and in the fullness of her heart, she exclaimed—
"Thank the Lord, bless the Lord for his bounty."
"But the Lord didn't send them," shouted a voice from the chimney.
"He did, cried she undauntingly; 'the Lord sent them, but the devil brought them.'"
A DISCREPANCY.—A lady at Columbus, Ohio, recently inquired of the spirit rappers how many children she had. The spirit replied four. The husband, surprised at the accuracy of the reply, also stepped in and inquired how many children he had and was answered two.
Probably that was the same mother who, on another occasion, got indignant at her two children for fighting over an apple, cried out, "Now you John and Sary Ann, if you don't jist stop that I'll go right out and tell both your fathers!"

Washington Gossip.
The Tribune had the following dispatch: WASHINGTON, Sept. 4th, 1853.
The National Whig of the Democracy are greatly incensed because of the appointment of Ezra L. Stephens, an Abolitionist, and devoted friend of Giddings, to a clerkship in the Indian Bureau.
It is rumored that Mr. Gordon, the Webster, Whig Postmaster, of Boston, will soon have leave to retire to private life.
The St. Louis Postmaster question is still undecided. Judge Bowlin is pushing the claims of Mr. Colburn, anti-Benton, vigorously.
The Administration is anxious to please the anti-Bentonites, but dread the wrath of Old Bullion.
An heiress of wealth, beauty and tender years, eloped from the Academy of Visitation connected with the Convent at Georgetown, D. C., this afternoon, and was soon in the arms of her lover. The affair created a great excitement at the Convent.
A SWINDLED EDITOR.—The Cleveland Plain Dealer relates how our old friend Vaughan, editor of the True Democrat, was swindled by a cute rascal out of \$500 last week. A sale of lots was to come off and a "confidence man," who, probably, had found out that Vaughan desired to bid, approached him in the most familiar way, with "Good evening, Vaughan; how are you?" and calling himself Dr. Ryder, said he was the agent of the land owner and would bid a couple of lots off for the credulous editor if he desired. Vaughan having indulged largely through the vegetable season, was greener than usual, and so taken with the fine, gentlemanly appearance of the agent, that he absolutely handed him out \$500 to make his bids with. The next morning he went to the sale, found Dr. Ryder there, and asked him if he had made a purchase.
"O yes! don't you see those two fine lots on the corner? Those are yours, and a fine bargain you have!"
Vaughan was, of course, delighted, and requested the Dr. to call at the True Democrat office at four o'clock and settle; but the weary hours of all that night passed slowly away, and no agent came. The principal conductor of the "under-ground railroad" up there was scorching!—Vaughan says "he wouldn't treat a nigger so!"
The whole World's Temperance Convention, which met in New York on Thursday, was attended in the morning by about two thousand persons, and in the evening by three thousand, including spectators. Horace Greeley and Rev. Miss Brown, a spunky little female, were the leading orators. One of the resolutions that they passed read thus:
"Resolved, That we impeach the use of fermented or alcoholic wine, in the solemn celebration of the Eucharist as a profane and impious desecration; since that which poisons and destroys men can be no true symbol of that which purifies, restores and saves."
This is about the strongest resolution or "vote of censure" that has been passed upon the sentiments and example of Jesus Christ since the crucifixion! We have no doubt that if the Savior were to come upon earth and again turn water into wine, Greeley and his cracked-head fanatics would be after him with a "crown of thorns," crying, "Crucify him! crucify him!"—*Cin. Eng.*
TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE AT SEA.—We have had a brief notice of the loss of the British ship Nessree, and the drowning of nearly three hundred people. Early in April she was chartered to convey a number of pilgrims (who were returning, after a lengthened pilgrimage through Arabia, to various parts of India,) on a voyage to Bombay. She was fitted up accordingly, and, on taking her departure, had beside the crew, no fewer than four hundred people on board, also a valuable cargo. The catastrophe happened on the night of the 17th of June, thirty miles south of Bombay. Shortly after midnight she struck, and the next minute her masts, with at least one hundred of the unhappy creatures clinging to the rigging, gave way and fell overboard. The occupants were either crushed to death or perished by drowning. In the course of a few hours the vessel entirely broke up, and the whole of the remaining passengers and crew were plunged in among the breakers. Great loss of life followed. Out of the four hundred and fifty souls who were alive the night previous, all, with the exception of ninety-four, perished. The ninety-four survivors were washed ashore on fragments of the wreck.—*Cin. Eng.*
BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—We learn to negotiate the loan. We learn that the efforts which have been made to negotiate a loan for the construction of the double track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have hitherto proved unsuccessful. Of the exact nature of the proceedings in the matter we are unapprised. It is sufficient for us to know at this moment that the fact is so.—*Baltimore Sun.*
There is a girl in Troy, N. Y., aged twelve years, of French parentage, whose face is almost entirely covered with hair of a dark color and about two inches long. She is intelligent, fond of books, and attends school regularly. Her playmates jest with her upon her hairy face, but she seems not to be troubled about their merriment.

FROM GOV. WOOD.—We have seen a letter from Gov. Wood to Col. Medary, dated at Panama, New Granada, August 4, which states that without accident he has arrived there, and will leave in the English steamer which left August 5th. He states that he has experienced no weather so hot and uncomfortable as he had in Ohio before he left, and that the thermometer has not been above 82 since he left New York. On the day he wrote, it stood at 80. The Governor seems to have had some of the experiences of traveling. He says of the negroes on the isthmus, that unless you look sharp, they will steal the mule from under you and ride him away before your eyes! He cautions Col. Medary, when he follows him, to watch the darkness, and pay them no more than you think right without regard to their demands.—*Ohio Statesman.*
The following recipe for smallpox, scarletina, and measles, is going the round of the papers. We publish it as we find it, knowing nothing of its virtues:
"Take one grain each of powdered foxglove or digitalis (valuable in the ratio of its greenness, the dark should be rejected) and one of sulphate of zinc, (this article is commonly known as white vitriol.)—These should be rubbed thoroughly in a mortar, or any other convenient vessel, with four or five drops of water; this done a noggin (or about 4 ounces) more, with some syrup of sugar, should be added.—Of this, a table-spoonful should be given to an adult, and two tea-spoonfuls to a child, every second hour, until symptoms of disease vanish.
CONFLICTING TESTIMONY.—The other day we had the testimony of John Neal, the fine literary scholar of Portland, Maine, too the effect that there is now as much liquor used, and as much intemperance in that city and probably in the State as before their prohibition law was put into execution. The Advertiser, of that city, denies the declarations of Mr. Neal, as we see it noticed in the Boston Commonwealth, of the 5th, affirming that there are but few hotels in the State and none in the city "where the sale is open and undisguised as in the city of New York," as charged by Neal. It says that it is true that liquor is furnished in some hotels, but that there is caution observed in giving it out, and that there are no open and undisguised bars.
TIPPED WITH THE ROMANTIC.—There is now in the mountain region of Western Virginia a young lady from Kentucky, described by the Parkersburg Gazette as young, pretty, educated and sprightly, who is there to protect her rights to a large tract of land, which descended to her from her ancestors, to whom it was patented for Revolutionary services, but is now claimed by a land pirate, who formerly acted as her agent. To defend her rights, solitary and alone to the disputed territory, she went, made a clearing, built a log cabin, and located a tenant. She always carries one of Col's revolvers, and thus armed roams fearlessly over the mountains, following paths seldom trod save by the panther and bear.
WORTH KNOWING.—Adams & Co., at Sacramento, Cal., were recently prosecuted by a depositor to recover \$480, the certificate of the deposit having been destroyed by fire. Adams & Co., admitted the deposit, and avowed their readiness to pay it upon the production of the certificate, or on being indemnified for any future liability upon it. The District Court held that they had no right to require such indemnity, and rendered judgement for the amount claimed and costs. From this decision the defendants appealed, but the Supreme Court of the State sustained it.
To Mr. HUNG.—The brothers Kelley, for the murder of Miller and Gardner, on the flat-boat in the Ohio river, have been found guilty of murder in the first degree.—There was very little excitement expressed throughout the trial, and no doubts were expressed of their guilt. Sentence of death was passed on them on Friday, but from the condition of the younger one it is more than probable he will die before the law can take effect. He has been declining for some time.—*Cin. Eng.*
AN INTERESTING SCENE.—On the 3d inst. the proprietor of the New York Sun celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its existence as a penny paper—the first established in this country. The entertainment was a splendid one, given to the employees of the concern, with their wives, making a company of about three hundred.
Santa Anna, it is said, intends petitioning Congress for his left leg, now in Barnum's Museum, and if not obtained, is determined to declare war against our Republic. As an offset to this, Barnum offers \$3,000 for his right leg, and hopes to get it.—*Free Press.*
If there is half a chance, Barnum will have a boot on the other leg.
GUANO.—Francisco Rivero, a Commissioner appointed in 1846 by the Peruvian Government to examine the Guano Islands belonging to that Republic, estimated the quantity of Guano on the three islands at 18,250,000 tons.
"Sambo, what am your 'pinion ob rats?"
"Why, I think de one dat has de shortest tail, will get in de hole de quickest."